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THE
JUVENILE
WREATH.

BY J. H. MILLER,
THE AUTHOR OF THE "JUVENILE
WREATH FOR BOYS."

WITH
ADDITIONS
BY
JOHN
H. MILLER,
AND
CHARLES
H. MILLER.

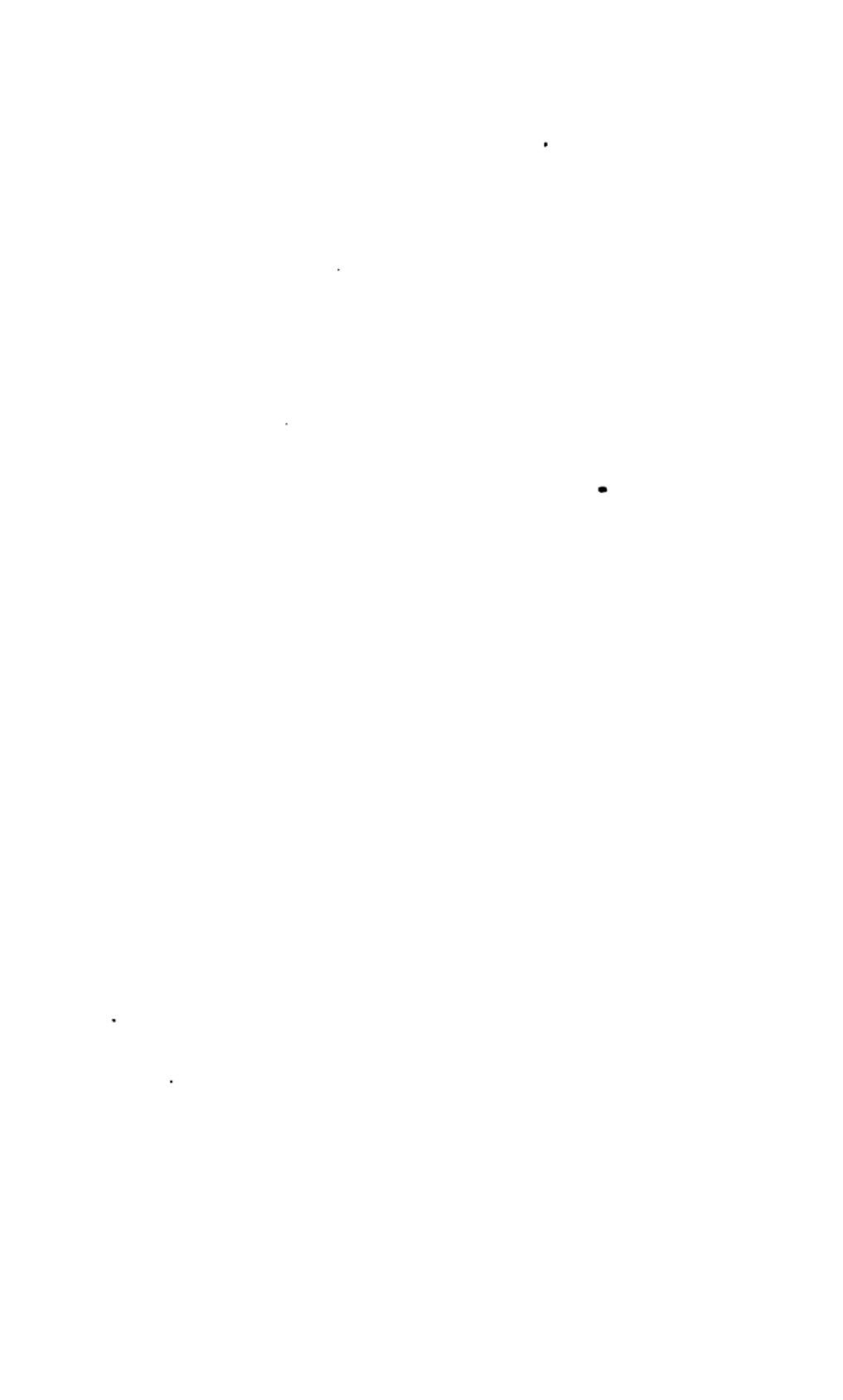
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FRONTISPICE.



THE INGENIOUS SWAN.

Illustrated by J. C. Green. — Engraved by J. C. Green.
London: Published for the Author.

THE
Juvenile Wreath.

BY THE AUTHOR OF
“THE FLOWERS OF THE FOREST,”
“A GIFT FROM THE MOUNTAINS,”

&c. &c.



WELLINGTON, SALOP :
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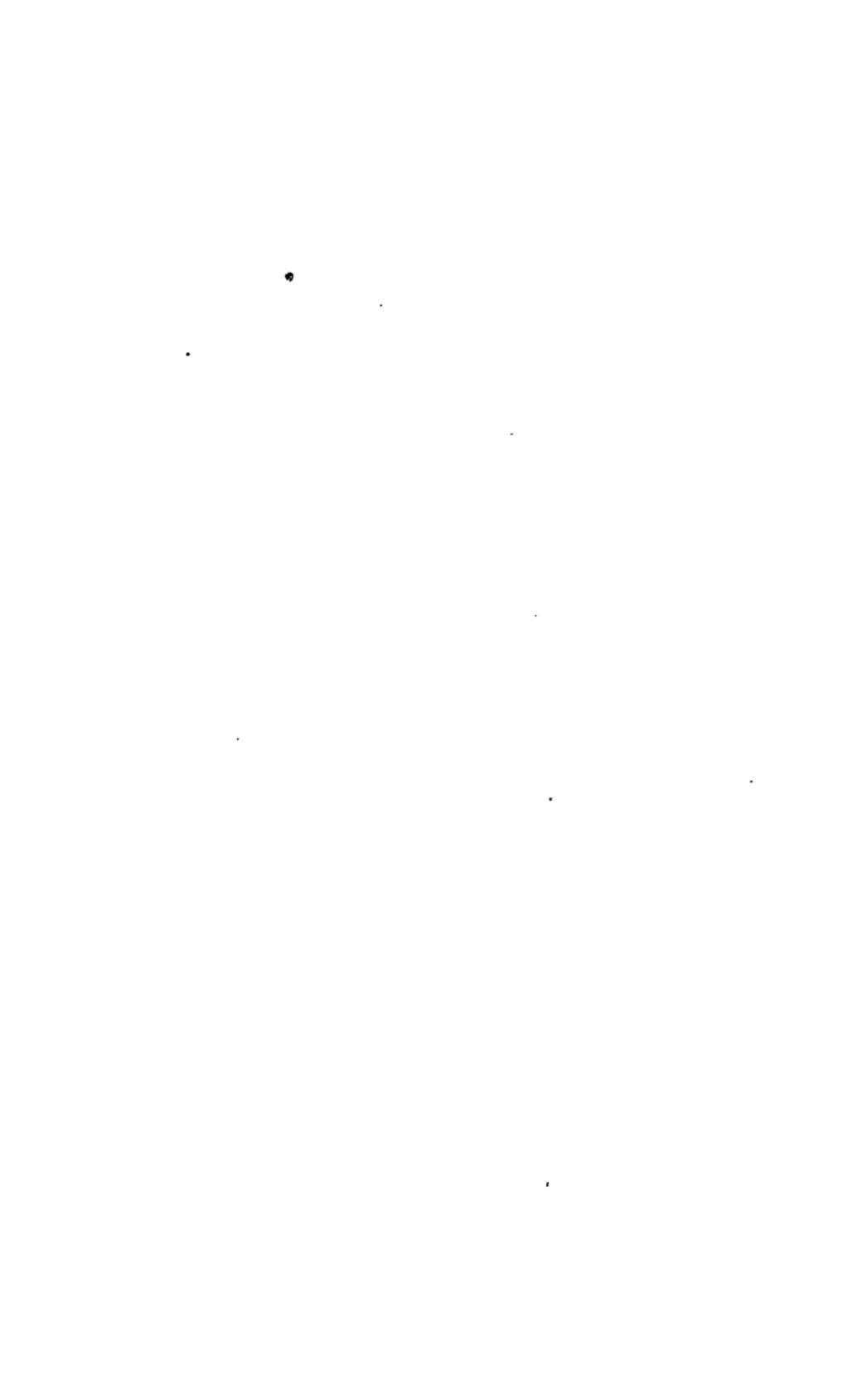
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P R E F A C E.

THE following little Work will probably interest its youthful readers by the pleasing diversity of its contents. Its language too, it is hoped, will be found sufficiently simple for juvenile capacities, without culpable neglect of grammatical precision, and politeness.

As *poetical* publications for the young are not very numerous, the present may perhaps be an acceptable addition to the number. And, in that case, if encouraged by the smiles of her little friends, the Authoress may possibly again put pen to paper for their instruction and amusement.



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THE
JUVENILE WREATH.



ROBIN REDBREAST.

ROBIN REDBREAST, thou art gone !

No, Janette, I cannot play :
Robin Redbreast, thou art flown
O'er the woodlands far away !
O my pretty little pet !
Don't you pity me, Janette ?

O ! I lov'd this little bird
In my very very heart !
And I thought, upon my word,
We should never never part :
O my pretty little pet !
Don't you pity me, Janette ?

Robin Redbreast, thou wert good !
Robin Redbreast, thou wert kind !

Not a bird in all the wood
With such plumage and such mind :
Robin, O I lov'd thee so !
Wherefore, Robin, didst thou go ?

Robin, when the wintry sky
Through the forest spends its rage,
Thou wilt think, with many a sigh,
On thy pretty little cage ;
And thou'l wish thyself again
From the wild and snowy glen.

Robin, when to rob thy nest
Yonder boy will climb the tree,
Then, with memory's powers impress'd,
Thou wilt think of slighted me,
And thou'l wish thou hadst not flown
From thy little wiry home.

When thou'rt hungry, Robin Red,
Then thou'l sigh and muse of me,
Thinking of the crumbs of bread
Which I us'd to give to thee :
Silly bird ! why didst thou fly
O'er the abbey spire so high ?

When thou'rt thirsty, Robin Red,
And the streams are frozen up,
Thou wilt shake thy little head,
Thinking of thy china cup,—

Thinking of thy downy bed,
Thou wilt sigh and shake thy head.

When thou'rt freezing, Robin Red,
And the wintry winds do blow,
Every hill and tree and shed
Cover'd o'er with frost and snow,
Then thou'lt wish thou hadst not gone,
Then thou'lt think of slighted John.

Robin, when thy little ones,
Freezing, fall from off the tree,
Lying on the cold hard stones,
Then thou'lt vainly think of me,
And thou'lt lift thy little eye
Towards the wild and wintry sky.

Robin, here I'll sit me down
In this wild and heathy glen ;
May be, on this large white stone,
Robin, thou wilt come again :
May be, now, at close of day,
Thou wilt perch on yonder spray.

O ! I'd give my nice new ball,
Fishing-rod, and salmon-hook,
Marbles, castle-top, and all,
Just of thee to get one look,
Just to hear thy tuneful note,
Just to see my little doat.

Robin, when the night comes on,
Then I know thou'lt think of me,
Then thou'lt sing thy mournful song,
Perch'd on yonder aspen tree,
And thou'lt wish thou hadst not flown
From thy little wiry home.

Robin, Robin, fare thee well !
Fare thee well, my little pet !
I must hasten o'er the dell ;
See ! the evening sun has set !
Now to bed, and now to sleep ;
Now to dream of thee, and weep !

THE CHESNUT SO HIGH.

MAMMA, dear mamma, will you come to yon tree ?
Do come, mamma, come, now, so pleasant 'twill be !
I'll shew you a wee bird, not able to fly,
A dear little wren on the chesnut so high.

Ah, come, dear mamma, there is time enough yet,
Sure, tea is not got, and the sun is not set ;
Indeed, all I'll ask is one moment to spy
The dear little wren on the chesnut so high.

But do not suppose I will frighten it : no !
Now, dearest mamma, do you think I'd act so ?

Or do you imagine I'd hurt it? O fie!
My dear little wren on the chesnut so high!

Quick! quick! dear mamma, let us cross the green
glen,
And then I will say, "How d'ye do, little wren?"
And when we're returning, I'll say, "Wren, good-
bye!"
Yon dear little wren on the chesnut so high!

THE WILLOW TREE.

Wave thy boughs, thou willow tree,
Dip thy light leaves in the stream;
Flutter on, thou busy bee,
Flutter in the evening beam.

Shelter o'er, thou willow tree,
Shelter o'er yon bank of moss:
Swains and nymphs will hallow thee,
As the woodland wilds they cross.

Blossom forth, thou willow tree,
Blossom o'er the dewy lawn;
Toss thy light boughs gracefully
At the morning's early dawn.

And at eve, thou willow tree,
Twine them o'er the rustic seat

Shading Caroline and me
From the sultry summer's heat.

THE OLD HAG.

*Suggested by a Fact which occurred some Years ago
in Ireland.*

THE morn was cold, the sky was dark,
And hoarsely ran the flood,
And leafless were the chesnut trees
That grew in Weller's Wood,—

When up Lord Stratford quickly rose,
“ Tantivy ! hark away !
Good-bye, my Ellen, love, good-bye ;
I must go hunt to-day.”

“ O ! take me with you, father dear,”
A little baby cried :
The father smil'd—“ I wish to know
What horse you mean to ride.

“ No, no, my boy ; no, not to-day ;
You cannot hunt to-day :
Here, Ellen,—(and he kiss'd them both,)
Farewell ! I must away.”

Then on his prancing steed he vaults,
 With hounds and horns so gay ;
 When lo ! just as he gain'd the wood,
 An old hag cross'd his way !

Full eighty years were written on
 Each feature of the hag,
 And round her neck a cloak was tied,
 All patch'd with many a rag.

Her muttering words proclaim'd her mind
 Was on some thought intent,
 And still she gibber'd to herself,
 As on she slowly went.

Lord Stratford's charger started back,
 Scar'd by the frightful crone :
 She frown'd—look'd up—then frown'd again—
 Then mutter'd, with a groan,—

“ Lord Stratford, stop ! Lord Stratford, turn !
 Lord Stratford, 'tis decreed,
 That, ere to-morrow's sun hath set,
 Your baby's heart must bleed ! ”

“ Pooh ! pooh ! old dame ! ” She frown'd again ;
 Then howl'd an Irish cry :
 Lord Stratford smil'd, and bow'd, and sung,
 “ This day a stag must die.”

But as he flew through brake and briar
 And o'er the heathy glen,

Just entering Weller's Wood,—most strange,—
He met the hag again !

“ Lord Stratford, stop ! Lord Stratford, turn !
Lord Stratford, haste not so !
For, ere to-morrow's sun hath set,
Your babe's blood must flow !”

“ Pooh ! pooh ! old dame !” She frown'd again,
Then howl'd an Irish cry ;
But still Lord Stratford smil'd, and sung,
“ This day a stag must die.”

“ A curse light on thee, thoughtless Lord !”
While scowl'd her bloodshot eye ;
“ A stag !—No, no, Lord Stratford, no,
It is your babe must die !”

“ And why, dame, those portentous words ?
I prithee, beldame, say.”
But, as he spoke, the hounds swept by—
“ Tantivy ! hark away !”

And off o'er hill and dale he flies,
Unmindful of her words ;
When lo ! again the hag appears
Behind a grove of firs !

She wav'd her hand, and cross'd her breast,
Then howl'd her Irish cry :—
“ Your babe, unfeeling man, your babe
Must bleed—must groan—must die !”

He started ! and, at length, appal'd,
He trembled much and fear'd ;
But as he turn'd to ask the cause,
The hag had disappear'd !

And now, with fear oppress'd, his face
Became like death's pale hue :
All sport was o'er, and, turning round,
He homeward quickly flew.

And to fair Ellen he reveal'd
The strange, mysterious tale,
Who soon became as sad as he,
As anxious, and as pale.

And now the night came on ; and now
The storm blew fierce and loud ;
And now the blood-red moon was seen
All cross'd with many a cloud.

And now the raven wildly scream'd ;
And now the tempest swell
Swept o'er the trees in Weller's Wood,
And mov'd the abbey bell.

The clock struck twelve. “ Come, Ellen, come,
‘Tis time to go to rest ; ”
Then, snatching up his lovely boy,
He press'd him to his breast.

And now they all had sunk to sleep ;
Yet still fair Ellen's dreams

Were sad : she shriek'd, " Oh, Stratford !—no,
It is the moon that gleams."

She shriek'd again : for now she sees
The hag, with bloody knife,
Peep through the door, and then advance,
To take her baby's life !

'Twas but a dream—a frightful dream—
Oh, Stratford, let's away !
For all the gold on India's shore
I'd not stay here a day !"

Then, hastening up, they took the babe,
And left their stately dome,
And straight to Dunstan town they went,
Full many a step from home.

But scarcely had they left the house,
And gone but half a mile,
When quickly to the castle-gates
Up comes a murderer vile !

And now, my readers, let us stop,
This mystery to reveal,
And tell why this poor babe should be
The hero of my tale.

One night,—'twas in November last,—
I think 'bout two o'clock,
A murderer to Lord Stratford's came,
And at the door did knock.

The butler had not gone to bed,
So to the hall he flew;
But, just as he had op'd the door,
The ruffian shot him through.

And then he rush'd into the house,
And darted up the stairs:
Lord Stratford seiz'd a gun—too late!
The booty off he bears!

Lord Stratford now, with vengeance fir'd,
Pursued and took his prey,
And at the next assizes town
He swore his life away.

A few weeks after this event,
The brother of the thief
Was in a wood, expressing loud
His vengeance and his grief.

With desperate look, he paus'd, and said,
"By yonder sun I swear,
Before it sets to-morrow eve,
Shall die Lord Stratford's heir!"

"*His* life!—No, no! that would not do!—
Twould not my vengeance cloy!
But I'll prepare a lasting grief,
By murdering his lov'd boy!"

The hag by chance was in the wood,
And heard the ruffian's threat,

When, hastening on, with quicken'd step,
Lord Stratford soon she met.

And now, remark how very much
Appearance may deceive;
You see, twas not her wish to harm,
She only meant to save.

And by her warning voice was spar'd
Lord Stratford's lovely boy,
Who liv'd for many a circling year
In health, and wealth, and joy!

And, searching out, the crone he found
Hard by the forest side;
Then kindly brought her to his home,
And there she liv'd and died.

SISTER JANE.

SEARCH England and Ireland and Scotland all
over,
Then sit down again, for your search will be
vain,
Because you can never, no, never, discover
A sister like mine, my own sweet sister Jane!

Last night I got into a sad fit of crying,
I felt all so sick, and my head throbb'd with pain,
I thought, 'pon my word, now, I thought I was
dying,
And so, I am certain, did sweet sister Jane.

For up in her lap, as I lay on her bosom,
She said to Nanette, (O, I heard her quite plain,)
" Nanette, now, O what shall I do if I lose him?
O what will become of his poor sister Jane?"

Last week I was whipp'd,—O, I knew I would get
it,—
For staying so naughtily out in the rain;
Just think,—as for me, I can never forget it,—
Tears actually fell from my sweet sister Jane.

Of all the things going, I don't like a whipping,
It's *very* unpleasant, and gives so much pain;
Besides, 'tis so irksome, exposing and stripping;
And this I've oft hinted to sweet sister Jane.

But then I came in all so wet and so dripping,
The rod, which hung over the chimney so plain,
Almost seem'd to walk down to give me a whipping,
As sadly I glanc'd at my sweet sister Jane.

Then off to this rod in a canter went mother:
I've a great mind to break it; but then 'twould
be vain,

Because in a moment she'd get such another :
"Tis just the opinion of sweet sister Jane.

But Jane begg'd me off—"O, Ma'am! see how he
trembles!
In truth he will never be naughty again."
It signifies nothing; for no one resembles
That kindest of sisters, my sweet sister Jane.

And stop till I tell you; brown bread I'm not able
To eat, 'tis so hard and so coarse and so mean :
Well, yesterday, just by my side, on the table
Was white bread laid there by my sweet sister
Jane.

The fact of it is—search the whole world all over;
Your search and your efforts will all be in vain,
Because you can never, no, never, discover
A sister like mine, my own sweet sister Jane !

REPENTANCE.

MOTHER, stop! my heart is breaking!
Oh, I've been so very rude!
But, all errors now forsaking,
From this hour I'll be so good!

Oh, I've been so very faulty!
Yes! with grief I own my fault!
But I'll ne'er again be naughty:
Mother! dearest! whip me not!

Feel my heart; it beats repentance;
Feel my cheek; its burning touch—
“Pardon!”—O delightful sentence!
Mother dear, I thank you much!

LITTLE LADY.

LITTLE lady, prithee turn;
I am old and I am grey;
O'er yon wide-extended bourn
Poor old man has lost his way:
Prithee, little lady, turn;
Guide me o'er the heathy bourn.

Little lady, I am old,
Very old, and almost gone;
Little lady, I am cold,
Scarcely can I move along:
Prithee, little lady, turn,
Guide me o'er the heathy bourn.

Once I was a blithesome swain,
Full of youthful mirth and glee;

No one in the village train
Work'd with more activity :
Now just see my feeble hand,
Scarcely can I move or stand.

Little lady, dost thou see
Where yon mountain rears its head ?
Underneath the chesnut tree,
There once stood my humble shed,
With its pretty hawthorn bower,
Deck'd with many a rosy flower.

But my wife, my joy and pride,
Trembling, sought an early grave ;
And my little Susan died,
Pretty Susan ! lovely babe !
While distress, with many a smart,
Triumph'd o'er the poor man's heart.

Now from door to door I roam,
Spite of cold or scorching ray,
Sometimes at the stately dome,
Waiting, may be, half the day ;
Then perhaps a cruel spurn
Makes me seek again this bourn.

Little lady, grateful prove
To the mighty God of heaven,
Who with such surpassing love
Hath so many mercies given ;

And whene'er you think of me,
Little lady, grateful be.

But the sun is setting fast,
And the evening bell has toll'd ;
Little lady—O this blast
Chills my poor old heart with cold !
But the coffin soon will close
On the old man's bitter woes.

Now farewell ; old man must hie
O'er the wild and heathy glen ;
Little lady fair, good-bye,
We shall never meet again !
Hark, once more the evening bell !
Little lady, fare thee well.

THE WREN.

AH me ! my little wren is gone,
My pretty little wren !
Last night it went, and well I know
"Twill never come again.

It flew away through Raven Wood,
And o'er the rocky glen ;
And never will it come, O no,
"Twill never come again !

To-day I thought it so unkind
Of John and brother Ben ;
They laugh'd, and said my little bird
Would never come again.

They little knew the wound they gave,
The sorrow and the pain !
O wren ! I'd give a thousand pounds
To bring you back again.

THE LINNET.

AND dost thou weep, my Henry dear,
Because thy linnet's dead ?
Ah Henry ! 'tis a transient tear,
Forgot as soon as shed.

Thou'l soon forget thy bird, my boy ;
Thou'l soon forget thy pain ;
And laughing mirth, and dimpled joy,
Succeed that tear again.

O, happy childhood ! blissful day !
To memory ever dear !
When joy so quickly sheds its ray
To dry the transient tear.

HUSH O!

Hush O ! Hush O ! my baby dear !
I'll rock thee to and fro ;
And when I see thy little tear,
I'll sing a sweet Hush O !

O stop those little plaintive cries !
Why rend my bosom so ?
And close at once thy pretty eyes,
And I will sing Hush O !

Hush O ! Hush O ! my baby doat !
I will not leave thee,—no,
But here I'll sit with cheerful note,
And sing a sweet Hush O !

Hush O ! Hush O ! stop, stop thy cries !
Thy mother now must go :
And close at once thy pretty eyes,
And I will sing Hush O !

That purling stream by yonder tree,
As down it murmurs wild,
Joins with the stream, and then with me,
To lull my little child.

Hush O ! Hush O ! my baby dear !
I'll rock thee to and fro ;

And when I see thy little tear,
I'll sing a sweet Hush O !

THE OLD CRAB.

THE wind it blew loud, and the sea it ran high,
And white o'er the rocks dash'd the spray,
When mamma coming in, call'd out, "Robert, my
child !
'Tis so cold, and the strand looks so stormy and
wild,
You'd better not go out to-day ! "

He made no reply ; but sat still in his chair,
Apparently reading his book :
But scarce had the evening come on, when away
Robert put on his hat, and then off to the sea,
To fish for some crabs in a nook.

O'er cliffs and o'er caverns he flew like a doe,
Till he came to a very large cave,
All cover'd with sea weed, and green moss, and
shells,
And nice little flowers, which the boys call sea
bells,
Thrown in by the foam of the wave !

In a niche in this cavern there liv'd an old crab,
Though indeed she was seldom at home ;
For she generally spent all her time out at sea,
With another old crab who liv'd down in the
bay,
Enjoying the pure sparkling foam.

I think this old crab, by the grandmother's side,
Was kin to the other old crab ;
Indeed I'm not sure ; but no matter for that,
I know he would frequently joke in his chat,
And call her " My dear cousin Drab."

He used very often to come and prescribe,
For a very great quack he was thought ;
And when poor old Drab would get sick, and be-
wail
A pain in her stomach, her head, or her tail,
A blister was instantly got.

I remember one day, O no wonder I laugh,
Old Drab got a pain in her head :
The doctor immediately feeling her hand,
Said, " Cousin, it is my especial command
That you should be blister'd and bled."

Next week came the doctor, and knock'd at the
door,
With the air of a skilful M. D.

“ O see what a nice purse I’ve made of this shell,
Be so good, my dear Drab, as you now have got
well,
Be so good to remember the fee.”

Then old Drab so sly gave the doctor a push,
And jostled him over the cliff:
But soon ’twas made up, and again they spoke
free;
Yet still an attentive observer could see
They were to each other quite stiff.

But nonsense ! sheer nonsense ! I’ve strayed from
my tale,
And gallop’d from Robert away :
But where was I?—stop ! O, I now recollect,
He was passing the schooner, you know, that was
wreck’d
On the rocks by the side of the bay.

Says Robert, “ Pray are you at home, Mrs. Crab ? ”
While into a hole in the rock
He thrust his right hand—“ O, my lad, you shall
know;
Pray am I at home ? yes, indeed, I am so ! ”
O dear ! what a terrible shock !

When Crab made a desperate snap at his hand,
Robert shriek’d, and most sad was the shout;

For the hold was so firm, so strong was the grasp,
In vain did he strive to get free from the clasp,
In vain did the poor boy call out !

O doleful and sad was the scene which ensued,
For the tide was fast gaining the shore ;
And stormy and dark look'd the clouds of the
night,
And piteous, most piteous, was poor Robert's
plight,
And dismal indeed was his roar !

He struggled, and twisted, but still did the crab—
Nasty thing—keep him fast by the hand !
“ O, what will become of me ? ” poor Robert cried,
“ I'll be drown'd ! I'll be drown'd ! for, O look,
the tide
Entirely has cover'd the strand ! ”

And now did the sea, with its breakers and foam,
Dash over the cavern so high !
And now did the tempest blow fiercely and loud,
Presenting poor Robert his coffin and shroud,
And mingling, alas ! with his cry.

And now did the tide approach high water-mark !
And swiftly its waves it pour'd in !
And now did it flow fast quite close to his feet,
While the very next moment, Oh ! horror complete !
It approach'd to his neck and his chin !

“ O father! O mother! Maria, or John!
O, is there no being to save?
Oh, I’m off! Oh, I’m drown’d! Oh, I’m off! Oh,
I’m dead!”
Alas! the dark tide had now clos’d o’er his head,
And Robert was drown’d in the wave!

THE MERRY LITTLE GROUP.

MAKE ready! huzza!
To the wild woods away!
Mamma, kind mamma, gives us leave to go play!

Our tasks are all o’er,
For this day no more
O’er books, or o’er maps, or o’er writing we’ll pore.

Just think!—we’ve got leave
To go to the cave,
To pick the nice white shells thrown in by the wave!

And then in a freak
Our baskets we’ll take,
To bring home the rushes that float on the lake.

And then up the hill,
Near Barrington’s Mill,
We’ll make seas and ponds of the dear little rill.

And houses and lands
We'll build with our hands,
Without brick, or timber, or lime, in the sands.

And then to the nest
Of Robin Redbreast;
But first we must vow not to ruffle her nest.

And then will we play
At high gates so gay,
With trip about, skip about, hie, boys, huzza !

We'll caper and sing,
And dance in a ring,
While care to the winds and the waves let us fling.

Come, Fanny and John,
We'll trip it along,
And call on sweet echo to join in our song.

With frolic and glee,
As gay as can be,
We'll merrily dance round the sycamore tree.

Come, Lucy and Joe,
Square the heel, point the toe,
And then back again the left leg lightly throw.

Here, set now to Fan,
Then turn Mary-Anne,
Then spring back again to the place you began.

That's done very well,
Come, Harriet and Bell,
That's just now the posture of Monsieur Du Fell.

Come, hasten, my boy,
No care shall annoy,
And we'll bind round our brows the gay garland of
joy.

LINES

*Addressed by a little Boy to his Sister, who was
sleeping too long in the Morning.*

For shame, sister, rise !
For shame, ope thine eyes !
Sunbeams have been dancing this hour in the skies !

The lambs are at play,
Parading away,
Enjoying the sun since the dawn of the day.

The goat gaily skips,
O'er the mountain it trips,
And then the clear wave of the lake now it sips.

The fisherman's song,
While sailing along,
Hark ! hark ! how it sounds the wild echoes among.

The blackbird has fled
From its snug leafy bed,
And is warbling this moment just over our head.

And hark! sister, hark!
'Tis the dear little lark,
Who is chanting her sweet notes abroad in the
park.

The streams, how they gush,
Then run by the bush,
Presenting sweet draughts to the goldfinch and
thrush.

The roses so bright,
And the lily so white,
Are dried by the sun from the dews of the night.

The lark, how it flies, •
And here sister lies,
With drowsiness over her sleepy blue eyes!

Dear Lucy so gay,
Have you no prayers to say?
And are there no tasks to be got for the day?

How can you lie there,
In a morning so fair?
O, see through your curtain the sunbeams' bright
glare!

Where yon dark row of leafy pines
Shelters the Abbey of Clomines.

And by this abbey's tottering walls
A little streamlet gently falls,
Runs down the field, then turns and winds
Round the old Abbey of Clomines.

“ O dear, how nice my little boat
Down on this pretty stream would float !
And then if I had Tom Divine's
Long fishing-rod just by Clomines !

“ I know he is a cross old man :
But then, as mildly as I can,
I'll ask him for his fishing-lines,
To fish the stream of old Clomines.

“ O, dear mamma, do let me go ;
The rain is o'er ; now don't say no :
And see, the sun so brightly shines
On the old Abbey of Clomines.”

Mamma gave leave ; so did papa :
“ O, thank you, dear papa ! mamma ! ”
Away—all pleasure he resigns,
Just for a scamper to Clomines.

TOL DE ROL.

Tol de rol, trip away, tol de rol, tol de rol,
We'll call in old Peter, and dress up old Moll,
And we'll trip it away,
With our tol de rol tol.

Hands across—back again—set, now corners and
sides ;
O dear, how we'll laugh at our comical strides !
And old Peter, hobbling, and shouldering his staff ;
Ha, ha ! O, no wonder indeed we should laugh !

Tol de rol, trip away, tol de rol, tol de rol,
We'll call in old Peter, and dress up old Moll,
And we'll trip it away,
With our tol de rol tol.

Old Peter will play on the jew's-harp a tune,
And gaily we'll dance by the light of the moon ;
We'll begin with a jig, then dance round in a ring,
O dear, how we'll trip it, and caper and sing.

Tol de rol, trip away, tol de rol, tol de rol,
We'll call in old Peter, and dress up old Moll,
And we'll trip it away,
With our tol de rol tol.

“ I’m shock’d ! ” says mamma : “ pray, what’s this
I hear ?

Such freedom with servants ! — O, never, my dear :
Leave Peter and Molly to dance by themselves,
And come to your books, you nonsensical elves.”

THE LITTLE BOAT.

FLOATING down the little stream
By the mild sunsetting beam,
Did you see my little boat ?
Henry, did you see it float ?

Did you see its pretty sail
Fluttering in the evening gale ?
Did you see its polish’d oar
Rowing towards the sedgy shore ?

O papa ! come here ! come here !
O make haste, Maria dear !
O mamma, mamma ! quick ! quick !
O what keeps you, Uncle Dick ?

See the stern, and see the prow !
See, papa ! look now ! look now !
See, Maria ! here, look ! look !
Your hand ! your hand ! quick ! leap the brook !

See her by the rushy bedge !
See her skim the grassy edge !
O I'd give a rich bank-note
For my little darling boat !

THE LOVELY CHILD.

A true Story.

ONE evening in spring eighteen hundred and ten,
A sweet boy, 'bout three years of age,
To the best of my knowledge his name was Glen-
more,
I know he was feeding a lark at the door,
And putting some seed in the cage.

By his side was a tree of wild roses in blow ;
And his cheeks like those roses so wild,
And his pretty red lips with their sweet coral glow,
And his little white hair on his forehead of snow :
You never beheld such a child.

He was just at the moment caressing his bird,
And singing a sweet little song,
When, hastily passing Tom Richardson's mill,
(The cruel remembrance still makes my blood chill,)
A brute of a woman came on.

She instantly stopp'd ; then advanc'd to the child,
With eyes such as eagles betray,
When viewing a sweet little Robin Redbreast,
Which just, in the woodlands, has hopp'd from its
nest,
And marking it out for their prey.

Then, join'd by two men, she advanc'd to the babe—
“ How are you, my fine little child ? ”
“ O, very well, thank you,” the baby replies,
While pleasure danc'd forth in his pretty blue eyes ;
And then like a cherub he smil'd.

“ Will you come with me, deary ? ” she said, with
a grin.
“ O no,” said the baby ; “ no ! no ! ”
“ Because your mamma has just walk'd up the
hill ;
We met her and papa in the wood near the mill.”
“ O, then,” said the baby, “ I'll go.”

Away they all set with the baby, in glee,
Till they got to the top of the hill—
“ O ! where is mamma ? now I don't see mamma !
And where is Maria ? and where is papa ?
Let me home now, indeed, now I will.”

“ What a chance you have, deary ! ” the woman
replied,
And she lifted him up on her back.

“ Hold your tongue, you bold brat, and don’t bother
us so,
Or we’ll whip you, and whip till we make the blood
flow,
And then sew you up in this sack.”

“ So you won’t stop your roar?” said the man, in
a rage :

“ O, my lad, I will soon make you smart.”
And the vile woman took him and held him ; and,
Oh !

The darling was whipp’d till the red blood did
flow !

The bare mention draws tears from my heart.

And they whipp’d him, the brutes ! Oh the brutes !
till they got

To the top of Tom Richardson’s Wood :
“ I’ll be good ; I’ll be good ; Oh ! now don’t whip
me so !

Indeed I’ll be good : well, I’ll go ; well, I’ll go :
Oh, I’ll go, and indeed I’ll be good.”

Then taking his frock, his nice sash, and new shoes,
They put on a rocket so old ;
And the sweet pretty baby not one word he spoke ;
But he bitterly sigh’d, (for his heart it was broke,)
And he silently shiver’d with cold.

Then lifting him up, the brutes set off again,
Till a very good woman they met :

“ Ah, what ails the child now? and what makes
him cry?
And what is the cause of that cut by his eye?
Do tell me, my sweet little pet.”

“ O, I'll go to that woman! I'll go! O, I'll go!”
And he threw himself into her arms.
“ What ails you, a *bourneen*? ” the woman re-
plies,
And she wip'd the big tear from his pretty blue
eyes,
While her heart to the sweet baby warms.

“ O, what is the cause of this bruise on his wrist?
My *cuishlah*, here, give me a kiss.
O, don't tremble so: (for he trembled with fear,
Afraid to cry out:) O, *ma bourneen a dear!*
O what is the cause of all this? ”

“ Why I'll tell you the truth,” says the womanly
brute:
“ We are taking him home from his nurse;
And I am his mam.”—“ No! you're NOT mamma!
no! ”—
“ And sure, my good woman, your petting him so
Will just make him twenty times worse.”

“ No! you're not mamma! take me home to mam-
ma! ”
And he clung to the woman in vain:

For, shrieking, the sweet babe was torn from her
sight,
While his cry it was lost in the breeze of the night,
And she never beheld him again.

But now we shall leave this poor baby awhile,
And go to his desolate home,
And view his poor mother,—a picture of woe,—
And his father, exclaiming, “Oh! where shall we
go?”
Says the mother, “Through earth let us roam.”

So, ordering a chaise, they set off, while each tear
The grief of their souls plainly spoke:
But Oh! not one word of the babe could they
learn—
“O God!” said the mother, “O, let me discern
Thy hand in this terrible stroke!”

At length, they were told that two men and a
child
Had sail’d, about ten days before,
In a ship which was lying some time near the
quay;
But where she was bound to no being could say;
And the baby was heard of no more.

“Enough!” said the father, who stood on the
beach;
And he cover’d his eyes with his hand:

But no, not one word, not one murmuring sigh,
Not one tear trickled down from the poor mother's
eye;
But, fainting, she fell on the strand.

O, I've witness'd this fond mother's grief and dis-
may;
I have witness'd her anguish of heart;
O, I've witness'd the tears which so sadly would
roll;
And I've witness'd the conflicts which harrow'd
her soul;
And I've witness'd her agoniz'd start!

And I've pointed to heaven, and told her so oft
That angels would watch o'er her child.
"O! tell me my child is with God!" she has said;
"Do tell me, my friend, do, O tell me he's dead,
And then I will be reconcil'd!

"If my baby had died," she would calmly ex-
claim,
"Could I see him but plac'd near his God,
Had I sat by his bed, and receiv'd his last sighs,
Or kiss'd his cold forehead, or clos'd his sweet
eyes,
Or fix'd on his green grave the sod—

"O then would submission, by time pointed out,
The poor mother's heart reconcile.

But Oh ! when I look at our hearts' dearest joy,
My darling ! my treasure ! my own baby boy !
In the hands of those savages vile—

“ My heart gets distracted, my brain gets on fire,
And comfort and peace are no more.
Have pity, my friend, for my sorrow is deep :
Yes ! Heaven has caus'd me to bitterly weep ;
And Heaven *alone* can restore.”

Days now have pass'd by, even years have roll'd
on,
And still every search has been vain.
God help thee, poor mother ! thou mother of woe !
God help thee indeed ! for thou never, O no,
Thou wilt ne'er see thy baby again !

THE CHILD AND THE SWAN.

A true Story.

IN passing, this morning, Lord Elville's demesne,
The trees which hang over the ponds
Attracted my notice : admiring, I stopp'd,
When, suddenly, out from the rushes there popp'd
Two beautiful lily-white swans.

Sometimes they would sail by the light willow trees
Which shadow Lord Elville's new bowers ;

Then gracefully float all around the green isle ;
Then stop, and get up on the bank for awhile,
To nibble the grass and the flowers.

Lord Elville came up at the moment, and said,
“ I see you’re admiring those swans :
I love them as friends ; believe now my words,
For strange you may think, yet to one of those
birds
A very sweet story belongs.

“ One day, I was hunting in Rockingham Wood,
Just passing the opposite rock ;
When lo ! on the pond I observ’d the large swan
Slow dragging our sweet little Arthur along,
And holding him up by the frock !

“ The child had dropp’d into the water and sunk,
And then the next moment arose ;
The swan saw the movement, and, hastening o’er,
Seiz’d fast in her bill the child’s white pinafore,
And then caught the rest of his clothes.

“ And thus, in great triumph, she bore him to land,
Preventing the child being drown’d ;
And, leaving him up on the bank, she sail’d on,
Quite pleas’d and delighted with what she had
done,
And looking so proudly around.

“ Believe me, dear Sir, I can’t tell you the love
That I feel for this generous swan :
O long may she live in those ponds and those
streams,
And long may she bask in the summer’s bright
beams,
And skim the green rushes along ! ”

THE PIGEON.

Coo, my pigeon ! coo away !
Pluck the wheat, and sip the dew ;
Sure no music’s half so sweet
As my little Tommy’s coo.

Pretty Tom, with graceful air,
Plumage all of snowy hue ;
Sweeter than the softest notes
Is my little Tommy’s coo.

Mary thinks she sings so well,
So do Kate and Ellen too.
Hoot away ! pray is their song
Half so sweet as Tommy’s coo ?

Kate was reading out, last night,
Thomson’s Seasons, gilt and new :

Much he talks of rural sounds—
Are they like my Tommy's coo?

Ellen says her harp is sweet,
And I know 'tis very true:
But do give me leave me to ask,
Is it like my Tommy's coo?

Tom, in naughty fit, last night,
Left me—o'er the woods he flew:
Soon I trac'd his hiding-place,
By his pretty little coo.

Should my pigeon fly away,
I should know not what to do;
Every thing would seem so dull,
When compar'd to Tommy's coo.

THE CHILD AND BURNT STICK.

A Fact; taken from a Paragraph in a late Irish Gazette.

AH! what makes the family all look so sad?
And what makes Miss Emily cry?
And what made the nurse, and the butler, and all,
Last night, as I pass'd up the stairs in the hall,
Hang their heads down, and bitterly sigh?

“ So you don’t know the news?—Why, our sweet
little girl,
The sweetest that ever drew breath,
Ere yesterday evening, in playing some trick
On the hearthstone, it seems, with the end of a
stick,
Caught fire, and burnt was to death !

“ A minute before it, her mother went in,
And saw the burnt stick in her hand :
‘ I am angry now, Julia,’ said she, ‘ and desire
You will not again put that stick in the fire—
Remember, it is my command.’

“ ‘ O no, Ma’am,’ said Julia : but scarce had she
gone,
And shut to the drawing-room-door,
When Julia again made the blazing stick flash—
Away in a blaze went her frock, and her sash,
And her nice little white pinafore.

“ Julia frantically shriek’d, and her mother flew in,
And wildly her fond arms she spread
Round the babe, to extinguish the flames—but too
late !
Oh, baby ! Oh, luckless and sad was thy fate !
Ere the night had set in she was dead ! ”

THE RAVEN.

CROAK, you cruel raven ! croak !
Bleeding lies my lamb !—tis o'er !
Fly away far o'er the rock ;
Never let me see you more.

For you've kill'd my little Jin ;
Nasty bird ! you've kill'd her quite !
Go, you cruel, ugly thing,
Never more approach my sight.

Stop ; I'll tell you how it was—
Jin was cowering down the green,
Nibbling fast some ripen'd haws,
When a nasty bird was seen—

Floating down the mountain's side,
Sometimes pausing as it went ;
Now 'twould soar, and now 'twould glide,
On its cruel work intent.

Jin look'd up an anxious look ;
Look'd again, and shook her head ;
Then, to hide, ran by the brook,
Underneath the leafy shed.

But the raven, nasty thing !
Mark'd the little trembler well,

And, with black and hasty wing,
Floated o'er the flowery dell.

Steering towards my little pet,
With her large and ugly eye,
“ Must I die ? ” said poor Jinnet :
“ Where's my mother ? —must I die ? ”

“ Yes, indeed, beyond recal,”
Said the raven. “ Do not fret,
My love ; ” and then, with horrid squall,
Pounc'd, and kill'd my little pet !

SPRING.

SEE, lingering still
On mountain and hill,
Cold Winter departing, against his rude will.

And oft o'er the heath
He blows his cold breath,
To blast, if he could, the sweet gay promis'd
wreath.

O, Winter, pray, go ;
You're not wanted ; no !
So troop to the north with your wind and your snow.

Huzza!—see, he goes,
Pale face and red nose,
All wrapp'd up in flannel and great worsted hose!

But what's this he flings
As he goes? How it rings!
'Tis a trumpet!—let's hear now the news which it
brings.

From Flora's sweet stores
Of sunbeams and flowers,
Great news is proclaim'd by this trump through
the bowers—

Of nice leafy shades,
And cooling cascades,
And wild woods, and green fields, and moss-
cover'd glades.

And sweetly it tells
How meadows and dells
Will shortly be spangled with buds and bluebells.

And see, Fanny, see
Yon sweet little bee!
O dear, how it flies round the apricot tree!

Just hear it—“Adieu!”
It said, as it flew;
“I go, little girl, to make honey for you.”

So, now it is gone,
With hum and with song,
To visit its nice hive, deserted so long.

See Robin Redbreast,
That sweet little guest,
Now Winter has vanish'd, repairing its nest.

Yon oak by the brook
Now shelters the rook,
Which flies to the home which so long it forsook.

The wild fowl take leave,
And o'er the north wave
The frost and the snow and the tempest they
brave.

And hark the cuckoo,
With nice pearly hue,
It chirpeth its note on the boughs of the yew.

The fisherman see,
With heart full of glee,
So fast coming o'er to that stream by the tree.

Now vaulting the hedge,
He treads the green sedge,
Which grows by the streamlet, and borders the
edge.

The flowers reassume
Their fragrant perfume,
And gladden the eye with their sweetness and
bloom.

The larch, and the pine,
The cypress, and lime,
To deck the green woodlands, their beauties com-
bine.

SUMMER.

SEE the Summer coming on,
All its balmy sweets impart ;
Various birds, with lively song,
Charm the ear and cheer the heart.

See, the night throws off its gloom
Sometimes ere the clock strikes two,
Quickly, kindly making room
For the moon's enlivening hue.

But who's this that's coming on,
O'er the wild and heathy bog ?
Now the pipe, and now the song—
'Tis the woodman and his dog.

Happy woodman ! happy swain !
Light your heart, and light your purse ;
Free from wealth and sordid gain
Oft the worldly wise man's curse.

Hark ! he calls, with voice so blithe,
Edmund, John, and little Joe,
Every one to bring his scythe,
Lo ! the ripen'd grass to mow.

And his daughters, Kate and Jane,
Take their pitchfork and their rake,
Trailing up the new-mown plain,
On the borders of the lake.

With their pretty new straw hats,
Hats which they themselves have made,
Lo ! Jane sings, and lo ! she plats,
Underneath the chesnut shade.

For thy innocence, sweet Jane,
For thy peace, and for thy health,
Many a proud and wealthy dame
Would with pleasure part with wealth.

Stay, sweet girl, nor quit those shades ;
Stay, and keep the peace you've got ;
Stay, for in those lonely glades,
In this little humble cot—

Health, and peace, and feelings gay,
Love to come, and make their boast :

Wander but a little way,
All, perhaps, for ever lost!

But away—who's this that speaks?
"Tis my little Johnny Lee,
Eyes so black and rosy cheeks:
Hark! his words are sweet to me.

"Lo," he says, "this pretty scene!
Oft will we, at parting day,
Sporting o'er the meadow green,
By the yellow moonlight pray.

"Oft, when books and tasks are done,
O'er the stream my little boat
I will take, at setting sun,
By the willow bank to float.

"Would mamma but let me go,
After tea, to yonder steep,
Just to see old Davy Roe
Shearing all the pretty sheep!

"Then, mamma, pray give me leave,
"Tis so very, very warm,
Underneath the briny wave
Just to dip my little form.

"Not a moment will I stay;
Just undress beneath the tree,
Then pop in amid the spray;
O how pleasant will it be!"

“ Go, my boy : but as you go,
Let reflection grace your heart ;
Let the scenes above, below,
All their useful hints impart.

“ Go, my boy : but recollect
Him who form’d those mighty waves—
Him who with such beauty deck’d
Yonder sky, and built those caves—

“ Him who gave the sun his glow,
And with beauty grac’d the scene—
Him who bade the waters flow,
Fertilizing all the green.

“ And when passing yonder rock,
Stop, those yellow flies to spy,
Which are born at six o’clock,
And before eleven die.

“ True, my boy : and as you gaze,
Think of man, and man’s short hours ;
Think of him whose longest days
Are but like the summer flowers.

“ Born to fade and die away,
Chill’d by Winter’s freezing breath,
Who, with unrelenting sway,
Stings him even unto death.

“ Haste, my boy ! the evening gales
O’er the woodlands sweetly float ;

And, O hark ! the gloomy rails
Have begun their nightly note.

“ Haste, O haste ! the screaming owl
Hoots its night-note o'er the sod ;
Recommend your precious soul,
Give yourself, my child, to God.

“ Call down blessings on your head ;
Pray for his protecting arm ;
Pray that he'd stand near your bed,
Chasing off all midnight harm.”

AUTUMN.

FAREWELL, lovely Summer, thou heart-cheering
season ;
Farewell to thy roses of beautiful dye :
My fancy, my feelings, nay, even my reason,
All grieve for thee, Summer, with many a sigh.

It is not that Summer's completely departed ;
O no ! for its beauties are lingering still ;
But there's something that makes me feel sad and
downhearted,
Whenever I wander the wood-cover'd hill.

The thought that those charms, now so lovely and
blooming,
Will soon be all lost in the ruin around ;
That Winter so quickly, its horrors resuming,
Will blast each sweet sight, and will hush each
sweet sound.

O ! this is the thought that to fancy's strong feelings
Its colouring gives, as I wander along ;
O ! this is the thought that, o'er memory stealing,
Brings back all the sweets of the Summer that's
gone.

Last eve I was passing yon ivy-clad ruin,
And, struck with its beauty, I pensively stood ;
On the path which led to it the wild winds were
strewing
A few leaves which still kept their bloom in the
wood.

An owlet was hooting its notes 'mong the arches,
While Echo prolong'd the monotonous sound,
And clusters of willows, and chesnuts, and larches,
Bereft of their leaves, look'd so sadly around.

A beam from the sun through the window was
shining,
A thrush, sad and lonely, sat perch'd on the
yew,

Whose old wither'd branch, like the season declining,
Was blasted by lightning, and steep'd in the dew.

This thrush's wild note sounded just like a ditty :
I listened ; and fancy soon made it appear,
So sad was the tone, so expressive of pity,
A requiem sung o'er the fall of the year.

Sweet bird, chant your dirge, for your prospect is dreary ;
O, if you were wise you would perch on mine arm ;
And then would I carry you home to sweet Mary,
And much she would love you, and keep you from harm.

“ O no, I am free ; and those wild woods and mountains,—”
Sweet bird, had you language, that language would be,
“ I’m free,—and one drop from those cold flowing fountains
Is dearer by far, ten times dearer to me.”

Then stay in your wild woods, sweet warbler, nor wander ;
For soon lovely Summer will come back again ;
Again will those streams round the green groves meander,
Again will sweet sunbeams revisit the glen.

WINTER.

“FREEZE, shiver, and tremble, sure Winter is come :
 ‘Tis true, with his rain and his snows ;
The frozen old blow-cool, I wish he would stay
With his friends at Kamschatka ; what brought
 him away ?
Just hear, o’er the hill how he blows !

“ And must we give up our sweet sunbeams and
 flowers ?
 And must we give up our long days ?
And must we give up all our play and our sport,
Our trips to the lake, that delightful resort,
 This fusty old Winter to please.”

Thus spoke little Arthur, as passing beneath
 The chesnuts which wav’d in the woods,
Depriv’d of their leaves, while a hoarse hollow
 sound
Was heard in deep peals ‘mong the echoes around ;
 ‘Twas the hoarse hollow sound of the flood.

The light pliant boughs of the sycamore tree,
 As the wind pass’d them by, how they shook !
The willow bent swiftly, and even the gleam
 Which here and there fell from the sunsetting beam,
Look’d cold as it lay on the brook.

The mountains and valleys were cover'd with
snow,
Not a flower or a leaf to be got ;
The streams look'd so cold ; and a poor little wren
Sat mournfully perch'd on a bough in the glen,
And whistling its sorrowful note.

The fields, trees, and streamlets were all of one
hue ;
A swallow lay dead on the ground ;
A robin, half-starv'd, on the bough of the lime
Sat perch'd ; while an abbey, decay'd by old
Time,
Seem'd to grieve o'er the ruin around.

The brown ivy-berries which grew on its walls
Were pluck'd by the blackbird and thrush ;
While groups of grey plover, and snipe, and wood-
cocks,
For shelter and food, o'er the neighbouring rocks
Were seen in a body to rush.

“ I am freezing,” said Arthur : “ O, Winter, pray
go,
And let the sweet Summer return.
O, Summer, come back, with your sweet sunny
hours,
Your apples, your pears, and those beautiful
flowers,
Which look with such bloom in the bourn.”

Come in, little Arthur, and grumble no more ;
Remember that Winter is sent
By Him who bids sunbeams and tempests arise,
By Him who commandeth each change in the skies :
So stop now—no more discontent.

Remember the charms which cold Winter can
bring ;
Remember the happy fireaide ;
Remember the sociable party at tea ;
The reading, the chatting, the dance, and the glee,
To Spring and to Summer denied.

Remember, my child, all the good you possess ;
Remember your friends and your home ;
Remember the crowds who unwillingly haunt
(Led on by cold sorrow, and hunger, and want)
The proud and the fortunate dome.

And O, little Arthur, remember the God
Who gives you such comfort and good ;
While those wretched ones, perhaps better than
you,
With sickness, and hunger, and death's ghastly
hue,
Pine and shrink from the tempest so rude.

LORD EDWARD.

SLOWLY 'gainst Lord Edward's shore
Did the flowing surges sweep.
" Mary, rise ; the night is o'er :
Rise, my Mary, rise from sleep :
See, the vessel lies at bay,
Waiting since the dawn of day !

" Haste, my baby boy, O haste ;
Tie this scarf around your neck ;
Bind this riband round your waist ;
Hasten, hasten to the deck.
See, the busy crew all wait,
With the favouring breeze elate ! "

Cover'd o'er with briny foam,
Now the vessel leaves the bourn :
Lo ! she leaves her tranquil home,
Never never to return !
For a cold and watery grave
Lies conceal'd in yonder wave !

Six long days they plough'd the main—
Six long days I think were past—
Fiercely did the wind and rain
Beat against the bending mast ;
While the darken'd foaming tide
Dash'd against the vessel's side.

Now no sun, or moon, or star,
Lit' the gloomy hemisphere,
And a storm was heard afar,
Muttering in the darken'd air ;
While the angry billows high
Seem to meet the frowning sky.

Now the shriek of wild despair ;
Now the furious tempest howls ;
Now the treacherous rocks appear ;—
Save, O, save their precious souls,
O God ! They're gone ! down, down they go !
Night of horror ! night of woe !

Now upon a flinty rock
Stood Lord Edward, quite alone :
He surviv'd the cruel shock,
But the two he lov'd were gone ;—
Mary, Henry, both are dead,
In their cold and watery bed !

Now a dreadful wave approach'd
Slowly towards the rocky steep ;
Now it to his feet encroach'd ;
Now it hurls him in the deep !
And now, low laid, 'mid ocean's roar,
Lord Edward, thou shalt rise no more !

THE LITTLE MILL.

By the little village bridge,
With its small but useful arch,
There, amid the rushy sedge,
Grows a fine old leafy larch—

Which with spreading shelter throws
Shadows o'er the little mill,
When the evening, solemn, close,
Spreads its pale tints o'er the hill.

And this little busy mill
Click-clack goes from morn till night,
Whirling through the purling rill,
Dashing up the spray so white.

Thrown across, plac'd there for use,
O'er the stream, a pliant board,
Just below the noisy sluice,
Forms a bridge across the ford.

And each evening, when the sun
Gilds the clouds with crimson edge,
Bonny Will is sure to come,
Tripping o'er this little bridge.

“ And what brings you, bonny Will,
With your pretty basket neat,

**Every evening, to this mill,
Begging for a little wheat?"**

**" Just to get a little food
For my pretty pigeon doat,
I have cross'd the dreary wood,
Lowland vale, and highland moat.**

**" Such a darling little bird,
Plumage all of snowy white,
Good old man, upon my word,
It would give you such delight!"**

**" Welcome, welcome, Master Will,"
. Says the old and civil man ;
" Come each evening to the mill ;
Take as much as e'er you can."**

FREDERICK'S SENSIBILITY ON LEAVING HOME.

**THE roof of the cot where my childhood was spent
Appear'd o'er the trees in the glen ;
And I thought, sadly thought, as I linger'd and
went,
I never should see it again.**

The lawn where so often I sportively play'd
Quite plainly appear'd to my view ;
And my dear mother's favourite sycamore glade,
And my grandfather's favourite yew.

And the neat white-wash'd walls all around the
dear cot,
And the boat, and the soft-flowing lake :
Oh, I thought, 'pon my word, now, I really thought,
That I'd die, and my heartstrings would break !

And Oh ! above all, my sweet mother so dear
Was plac'd in the window above ;
Her hands clasp'd quite closely, while many a tear
Fell sadly in sorrow and love.

And as in much anguish I saunter'd along,
My heart fraught with heaviest woe,
Jane, William, and Lucy, and Julia, and John,
Appear'd in the window below.

And only just think of my poor old dog Tray,
Who follow'd me close o'er the bourn ;
But old Peter came out, and call'd him away,
Though he bark'd, and refus'd to return.

I turn'd, and I gaz'd, and I wept, and felt not
The wind, which blew chilling and bleak ;
For I thought, 'pon my word, now, I really thought,
That I'd die, and my heartstrings would break.

The next day appear'd the blue waves of the sea,
O'er which I was destin'd to go:
The captain came up; but I turn'd quick away,
For my tears still continued to flow.

“Sweet boy!” (and he paus'd,) “very welcome
thou art,
That tear thy encomium best tells:
Where's *true* courage found?—it is found in the
heart
Where sweet sensibility dwells.”

THE BEE.

“MAMMA, why does that little bee
Fly round and round the lilac tree?
And why at summer evening hour,
So swiftly range from flower to flower?

“And why, at morn, first sight I see
Is this same little busy bee?
And why, at eve, last sound I hear
This buzzing bee upon mine ear?”

“I'll tell thee, love;—that little bee
Is guided by sweet industry,
And, up at morning's early dawn,
It labours through the flowery lawn.

“ And then, at evening’s faded close,
It sips the sweetness of the rose ;
And then to yonder hive away,
Its honeyed storage to convey.

“ Then, like this bee, may you, my boy,
With zeal your every hour employ ;
And, thinking on this little bee,
Be prompted to activity ! ”

THE BOWER.

MAMMA, come, see the pretty bower
Which John and I have made ;
’Twill guard us from the wintry shower,
And be our summer’s shade.

We’ve woven it so close at top,
That morn or evening dew,
Or blowing blast, or chilling drop,
Can never enter through.

And see, mamma, the pretty seat
We’ve made for Caroline,
All shaded o’er with roses sweet,
And buds of eglantine.

JOSEPHINE.

“ See the lightning’s vivid glare !
Let me in, sweet lady fair :
Hark the thunder’s dreadful din !
Little lady, let me in.
 ‘Tis poor Josephine,
 With gay tamborine,
All tripping so merrily o’er the gay green.

“ Dark the hour, and cold the way ;
Lady, ‘tis a gloomy day :
Let me in, ‘tis Josephine,
Playing on her tamborine.
Poor Josephine is cold, English lady,
Very cold is poor Josephine.
 Now see her advance,
 With song and with dance—
‘Tis just, little lady, the fashion in France.”

“ I declare, ‘tis Josephine :
O, mamma, do let her in !
See ! the poor thing looks so sad !
Dear mamma, what makes her mad ?”

“ She’s from France, it seems, my dear ;
List ! her language don’t you hear ?
See her wild, fantastic air !
See her looks so debonair !

“ It seems—but did you never hear
Of the tyrant Robespierre ? ”

“ O no ! ”—“ Nor have you ever seen
The picture of the guillotine ? ”

“ Well, on this horrid guillotine
The parents of poor Josephine
Lost their lives ! and now their child
Roams the wide world, craz'd and wild ! ”

“ Now through regions far away,
O'er the land and o'er the sea,
Wildly does poor Josephine
Sing, and strike her tamborine.”

THE ROSARY.

O ! SUSAN dearly do I love,
She talks so very sweet to me ;
And by my bed she softly sits,
And sings her pretty rosary.

Last night we both were in the lawn ;
And gently seated on her knee,
She quickly lull'd me fast asleep
With her sweet pretty rosary.

O, little birds, come here and list,
And gently perch on yonder tree :

Quick ! quick ! you never heard such notes
As Susan's pretty rosary.

And, little lambs, and kids, and goats,
Who skip about with so much glee,
Cease, cease your sports, for Susan comes
To sing her pretty rosary.

But, see, the night is coming fast,
The dew falls heavy o'er the lea :
Here, Susan, come and take my hand,
And sing no more your rosary.

But, Susan, when I go to bed,
O come, and sweetly sing to me ;
I'll say my prayers, and close my eyes,
And then you'll sing your rosary.

Good-night, papa, good-night, mamma,
Good-night, Nanette and Rosalie ;
Good-night, good-night—for Susan comes,
To sing her pretty rosary.

JULIA AND HENRY.

SAYS Henry to Julia, " Let's range through the
wood,
It is such a beautiful day !

And Norman is shearing the dear little sheep ;
And see, Julia, see, how dark Lenington's steep
Is wash'd by the waves in the bay !

“ We'll stop at Tom Norman's, and get some new
milk,

“ Tis always so nice and so good :
I'd twice rather have it than milk from the cow ;
They get it, you know, from some goats on the
brow

Of the hill by Jack Henderson's Wood.

“ Come, come.”—“ Stop,” said Julia, “ we'll go and
ask leave.”

“ O dear, no occasion at all.
Quick ! quick ! what a slow, lazy being you are !
It is late ; and just look at the pale evening star ;
And the dew is beginning to fall.”

Well, Julia went on, as we're easily led
To do whatsoever is wrong ;
And straight to Jack Henderson's cottage they
stray'd,
The gay little lad and the gay little maid,
With a skip, and a trip, and a song.

But just as they got to the edge of the stream
Which runs by Jack Henderson's door,
The sky got quite dark, and the wind got so loud,
And flashes of lightning were seen from each cloud,
And the rain 'gan in torrents to pour.

“ You’re mad ! ” call’d out Henry : “ don’t go near
that tree ;
Be assur’d it is wrong, very wrong.
Mamma says we never should go near a tree ;
’Tis the maddest and very worst thing that can
be,
Whenever the lightning comes on.

“ But always—O dear ! see that flash, Julia, see !
Whenever the fork’d lightning glares,
We always—hark ! hark ! did you hear that loud
din ?
We always—another ! I wish we were in !
We always should go to our prayers.”

And now did the sky become awfully dark ;
The tempest swept over the heath ;
The thunder roll’d loudly in peals through the air ;
When lo ! one dread flash of the lightning’s bright
glare
Depriv’d little Henry of breath !

In horror poor Julia now started and shriek’d ;
Then fled like a doe through the dell ;
And, bounding distractedly over the moor,
Pale, breathless, and panting, arriv’d at the door,
Her sorrowful story to tell.

The father, the mother, the grandfather old,
And servants, all fled o’er the plain :

But Death's icy fingers already were press'd
On Henry's poor heart, and his poor little breast
Was so cold that their efforts were vain.

THE OAK.

THE wide-spreading oak in the lawn of St. Clair
Is dear to my heart, and will always be dear ;
Because I so often have sportively play'd
All under the boughs of its green leafy shade.

O, oft have I taken my marbles and top,
And oft round its trunk in gay gambols would hop !
O, oft have we sportively pull'd its green boughs,
To weave into chaplets to bind round our brows !

How oft have I clamber'd its branches so green,
To view all around me whate'er could be seen !
And then would I watch the last gleam of the day
Tinge softly its leaves, and die slowly away.

How oft would'st thou shelter, O beautiful tree,
From Sol's scorching beams John and William and
me !

And when the rude blast of the winter would blow,
Thy shade was our screen from the rain and the
snow.

O, long may thy branches be toss'd in the breeze,
And long may'st thou reign o'er the rest of the
trees!

O, long may the rook in thy leaves build her nest,
And long may thy branches in beauty be dress'd!

O, may no rude swain, with his rough, ruthless
stroke,
E'er aim at thy downfal, my beautiful oak!
But long o'er thy leaves may the morning sun
dawn,
And long may'st thou flourish the pride of the
lawn!

NANETTE AND HER GRANDMOTHER.

Suggested by a Fact which occurred in Ireland.

NEAR Erriston Mountain an old abbey stands,
Well known by its heap of white bones,
And its arches, all fring'd with dark nightshade
and rue,
And its numerous cells, and its wet dripping dew,
And its tombs, and its tottering stones.

And in this dark abbey an old woman liv'd,
Indeed it is true what I tell,

As grey as the abbey, and almost as old,
And as shaking, while, trembling with age and
with cold,
She'd sit in her dark dripping cell.

Her hair was all white, and her body was bent,
And her hands they were wither'd and long ;
Yet still she was cheerful, and oft the old crone,
While sitting as usual upon the cold stone,
Would sing an old drone of a song.

A gay little granddaughter, six years of age,
A poor little motherless child,
Whose father and mother once liv'd near the stream
Of Glinburn ; but they died, and the little thing
came
To live in this abbey so wild.

• Their curious abode was a cell in the wall,
Their parlour, their kitchen, and room ;
Their bed at one end, and a fire made of peats,
A small marble slab, and two stones for their
seats,
Form'd the whole of this splendid saloon.

And every morning the child would bring home
Furze bushes, some large and some small ;
And then the old woman would light them so
quick—
Her mouth for a bellows—a long piece of stick
For poker, for shovel, and all.

Nanette, the fine name of the gay little girl,
Each morning would quit her abode,
To beg with a basket—the good little Nan !
For bread or for some kind of food for her gran,
And then she'd bring back such a load !

And then would she play with a nice little bird,
A dear, pretty Robin Redbreast,
Who liv'd in the yew tree just over her head,
And who every morning would come to be fed,
And then fly away to its nest.

She'd also an owl, a most comical owl,
Who slept in a hole in the wall ;
'Twould startle and snore in its sleep like a man,
And, perch'd on the head of the gay little Nan,
'Twould make the place ring with its squall.

A lady, who liv'd in the woodlands hard by,
Was heard very often to say,
" Dear me ! what a pity this good little child,
With temper so winning, and manners so mild,
Should idle her time so away ! "

" But then, dear mamma, if you took her, you
know,
Pray what would her grandmother do ? "
" 'Tis true, my dear Mary ; but still we must strive
To rescue the poor child from such a sad life :
I think the best plan to pursue—

“Would be this”—but now just at the moment she
spoke,
Nanette wildly rush'd to the door:
“Oh, Ma'am! she is dead! she has suddenly
died!”
And then the poor creature so bitterly cried:
“Oh, granny! Oh, gran! you're no more!”

Then Mrs. Le Fevre, this good lady, sent
The sexton and two servant maids,
Who buried old granny quite close to the cell,
And, digging the grave deep, and sodding it well,
They settled it snug with their spades.

Nanette was then sent to a neighbouring school,
And soon she repaid all their toil;
For, loving the lessons of learning and worth,
Nanette in a very short period stood forth,
The best little girl on the soil.

THE MAN OF GOD.

BEHOLD yon cottage, shaded high with trees,
Whose branches bend and flutter in the breeze,
While, softly murmuring by its whitewash'd side,
A little stream is gently seen to glide.

Beneath its roof resides a man of heaven ;
His Bible all the wealth that God has given ;
But, by that book secure of endless rest,
He lives supremely great, supremely bless'd.

And in his little garden, with this book,
You'll see him seated in his favourite nook,
Each evening, when the sun, with faded ray,
Gilds the dark trees, and bids farewell to day.

And now he reads of God, and his dear Son,
And all the wonders which his death has done ;
And now he pauses—now he reads again ;
Then feels himself the happiest of men.

THE VILLAGE CHURCH.

WHAT is that which brings to view
Yonder ocean, darkly blue ?
What is that which flings its light
O'er the mountain's lofty height ?

'Tis the sun, the glorious sun ;
Through the week his course has run ;
Now he rises to adorn
This auspicious Sabbath morn.

Lo ! I hear across the dell,
From yon spire, the matin bell.
"Rise," it says, "and come to prayer;
God in Christ is worshipp'd here."

Lo ! I see the man of God
Hastening o'er the dewy sod :
His happy heart, his face, his air,
Tell at once that Christ is there.

Lo ! I see the Christian train
Coming forward o'er the plain :
Let me join the holy throng,
Jesus all my grateful song !

THE WIDOW OF NAIN.

"And it came to pass the day after, that he went into a city called Nain; and many of his disciples went with him, and much people. And when he came nigh to the gate of the city, behold, there was a dead man carried out, the only son of his mother, and she was a widow."—Luke vii. 11, 12.

"OH ! heavy lies thy chastening rod !
He was my only son ;
And I'm a widow—help, my God,
Or I am quite undone !"

Thus to her faithful friends at Nain
She made her bitter moan :

“ Oh ! he will never come again !
Alas ! he’s dead and gone ! ”

But when the Saviour met the bier,
Compassion fill’d his breast ;
With heavy sighs, approaching near,
He thus the corpse address’d :—

“ Young man, arise ! I say to thee ;
I say, young man, arise ! ”
Conceive the mother’s ecstasy,
Conceive her wild surprise.

“ And art thou thus to life restor’d ?
Restor’d to wretched me ?—
O may I spend each day, my Lord,
In gratitude to thee ! ”

MINISTRY OF ANGELS.

Bid thy angels tarry round me,
Round my home, and round my bed,—
Yes ! o’er thy unworthy William
Let their fostering wings be spread.

When, at night, immerg’d in darkness,
In the lone and midnight hour,
When the howling tempest scares me,
Bid them then exert their power.

And when sunbeams shed their splendour,
Bid them still pursue their work,
In the busy scenes of daylight,
When ten thousand dangers lurk.

When engag'd in serious study,
Or, perhaps, at festive play,
By the worldly throng surrounded,
In temptation's thorny way—

Let them be my faithful guardians :
Soon I'll ask their aid no more ;
Soon I'll be a happy angel,
Like themselves, on Zion's shore.

By my Saviour's blood made holy,
Soon all dress'd in robes of white,
Soon among the ransom'd number,
I shall be a saint of light !

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